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NUMBER I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

HISTORICAL SIDE LIGHTS.*

THERE is hardly any kind of historical knowledge more interesting than those brief glimpses of eminent statesmen, generals, princes, and other makers of history, which we obtain through authentic anecdotes concerning them, or through their own personal utterances. It is like surprising history in undress, and watching the natural movements by which she prepares for her stately public march. It flatters the inquisitiveness of our nature to be admitted behind the scenes of the world's stage, and allowed to inspect, though it be but for a moment, the heroes that have occupied it, without the glare and illusion of the spectacle. Lord Stanhope's little volume contains much of this kind of knowledge. Its contents cannot be classed under any category more definite than that which we have placed at the head of this article. They are unconnected in subject, place, or time, yet they are all most valuable, and we quite concur with the noble editor that they are 'worthy of permanent record.' The Irish propositions are now forgotten, or remembered only by the more devoted students of the policy of Great Britain towards the sister island. These propositions were moved in the Irish Parliament by Mr. Orde, and their object was to render the commerce of Ireland entirely dependent upon British legislation. Had they been carried, they might have indefinitely postponed the legislative union of the two countries, by reducing the Parliament of Ireland to the condition of a local board for registering the decrees of the English legislature. Happily for both countries, Grattan, just then in the full vigour of his powers, and eager to regain the popularity he had lost in his contest with Flood, opposed Mr. Orde's propositions, and defeated them. The interest of this conflict has passed away, but we still feel our curiosity gratified by learning, through Lord Stanhope, how William Pitt comported himself in the crisis. We have here two letters from the young prime minister, then in his twenty-sixth year, to the Duke of Rutland, the lord lieutenant. They are marked private, and were probably inaccessible to any one but the editor. From these letters we learn, for the first time, that Mr. Orde was acting under the directions, and by the inspiration of, Mr. Pitt. We perceive also that, notwithstanding the marvellous precocity of the prime minister's intellect, he was not quite free from the spirit of exaggeration which belongs to youth. He pleads with the Duke of Rutland to use his best endeavours to get the measure passed, in a style as fervent as he could have used in imploring a personal favour of the highest moment. He warns the duke that in Mr. Grattan they have an enemy 'sharpened

by disappointment, watching and improving every opportunity.' He pledges his honour 'that the carrying this point seems essential to all the future prospects of government,' and actually labours for language to express the anxiety and earnestness he feels upon the subject. It is, in short, a lifting of the veil of staid decorum, which covered the workings of his mind from the public gaze, and the interest we feel in what we discover in these letters is not lessened by the unheeded request appended, that they should be burned as soon as read. There are other letters of Mr. Pitt, of later date, referring to the difficulty of making suitable appointments to office in Ireland without giving offence to some section or other of the supporters of government. They reveal a strange scene of grasping cupidity, vanity, and selfishness, but they show us at the same time what a consummate leader of men was the great minister, and, what is still more honourable to his memory, how reluctant he was to adopt any expedient which might even appear to militate with his own lofty idea of principle. The letter to Lord Harrowby, dated December 5, 1805, exactly three days after the battle of Austerlitz, is a curious example of human blindness and impotency. There were then no electric telegraphs or swift steamers to inform the minister that all his plans had been dissipated on that bloody field. He urges forward the great coalition against Napoleon, unconscious that it was already in ruins, and that the Emperor Francis I. was at the very same hour signing a separate peace with Napoleon. He tries to reconcile with the fervency of his hopes the secret article of Potsdam, by which Prussia engaged, under certain contingencies, to join Russia, Austria, Sweden, and England in hostilities against Napoleon, and speculates on the issue of Haugwitz's mission to the French head-quarters, not knowing that Herr von Haugwitz, who had been sent to declare war, had just ended by entering into a treaty with the French, by which Hanover was offered to and accepted by Prussia, and the left bank of the Rhine given up to Napoleon. Even as late as the 21st of December, we find Pitt utterly incredulous of the French accounts of Austerlitz, ignorant of the treachery of Prussia, and expressing his readiness to subsidise a coalition, that no longer existed, with 3,000,000*l.* annually. Here are also some extremely interesting letters respecting the habits of Mr. Pitt in private. His wonderful self-control and capacity for business are illustrated in the following extract from a letter of M. Boyd, Esq., to Earl Stanhope:—

'There was a circumstance told me by the late Mr. Christmas, who for many years held an important official situation in the Bank of England. He was, I believe, in early life a clerk in the Treasury, or one of the government offices, and for some time acted for Mr. Pitt as his confidential clerk, or temporary private secretary.

'Christmas was one of the most obliging men I ever knew; and, from the position he occupied, was constantly exposed to interruptions, yet I never saw his temper the least ruffled. One day I found him more than usually engaged, having a mass of accounts to prepare for one of the Law Courts: still the same equanimity; and I could not resist the opportunity of asking the old gentleman to give me the secret. "Well, Mr. Boyd, you shall know it. Mr. Pitt gave it to me:—Not to lose my temper, if possible, at any time, and NEVER during the hours of business. My labours here [Bank of England] commence at nine, and end at three; and, acting on the advice of the illustrious statesman, I never lose my temper during these hours."

'He also related to me an instance which came

under his own observation of Mr. Pitt's extraordinary powers of mental and physical endurance.

'Mr. Pitt had been immersed all day with Christmas in intricate accounts (I assume, preparing for the conflict of a war budget), when, looking at the hour, he said, "I must now go to the House, but shall return as early as I can, although I fear we shall have a late sitting." It proved so, as he did not rejoin his private secretary until six in the morning. He had something kind to say to Christmas for keeping at his work, adding, "I must now have a wash," and, going to the end of the room, threw off his coat and neckcloth, and applied a wet towel to his head and face. When this improvised ablution was over, he declared to his *fidus Achates* that he was quite fresh and ready for business, and for four hours he was hard at work, in going through the accounts Mr. Christmas had prepared during the night.'

These letters relating to Mr. Pitt constitute the only portion of the volume that has any cohesion. The other portions may refer casually to the same events, but they are entirely independent of one another in their scope. A stray letter of Edmund Burke's, dated March 25, 1782, but without address, picked up by Lord Stanhope at a sale of MSS., is very interesting. Lord North's cabinet had been compelled to resign principally through the eloquence of Mr. Burke, both in Parliament and in the press. The Marquis of Rockingham's party was immediately installed in its place; but, with the usual neglect of merit when it stands unsupported by lofty connections, that aristocratic clique excluded Burke, its most redoubtable champion, from the cabinet, and strove to soothe his wounded pride by making him a privy councillor and paymaster of the forces. The letter appears to have been written before these appointments had been made, to some Tadpole or Tapir of the Rockingham administration, and sets forth in discouraging terms the writer's views of his own probable ability to help the person to whom it is addressed. A much more important document is a memorandum by Burke on his own public services. It is addressed to Pitt, and dated 1794. Even at this distance of time, it excites our sympathy for Mr. Burke, and our indignation at seeing his illustrious merits postponed in favour of such men as Dunning and Barre, though in its recitals there is a grave and modest dignity, which deprecates the idea of complaint, and is eminently characteristic of the writer. Sir George C. Lewis, in a letter to Lord Stanhope, explains the origin of Martello towers in this fashion:—

'April 2, 1862.

'The origin of Martello towers I believe to have been, that when piracy was common in the Mediterranean, and pirates like the Danes made plundering descents upon the coasts, the Italians built towers near the sea in order to keep watch and give warning if a pirate ship was seen to approach the land. This warning was giving by striking on a bell with a hammer; and hence these towers were called *Torri da Martello*.'

To which Lord Stanhope appends this note:—

'Since the date of Sir G. C. Lewis's letters, that is, during the summer of 1862, I chanced to be reading in Ariosto, and met with two lines which entirely bear out Sir George's explanation. They occur in the "Orlando," canto x., stanza 51:—

'E la campana martellando tocca
Onde il soccorso vien subito al porto.

Thus, again, in canto xiv., stanza 100,—

'Le campane si sentono a martello
Di spessi colpi e spaventosi tocche.

'S'

* Miscellaneous: collected and edited by Earl Stanhope. London: John Murray. 1863.

Here is a letter from Sir John Moore to Lady Hester Stanhope, dated Salamanca, Nov. 23, 1808. He was then on his ill-omened march to Madrid, a movement to which he was urged, against his better judgment, by Mr. Frere, and the results of which he but too truly anticipated. The letter breathes despondency mingled with suppressed reproaches against the ignorance and incompetency of the men to whom British interests in the Peninsula had been intrusted. In less than two months after this date, the writer of the letter died a hero's death at Corunna; and, with the exception of his victory over the French at the supreme moment, all his melancholy previsions were fulfilled. Sir Charles R. Vaughan corrects Sir William Napier's account of the siege of Saragossa from the testimony of General Lefèvre himself, and shows that there were full 20,000 Frenchmen engaged in the operation. Perhaps one of the most interesting papers of the collection, is a letter of the late Sir Robert Peel to the Earl of Harrowby, dated February 5, 1832, on the position of the House of Lords in relation to the Reform Bill. It exhibits in a very remarkable manner, the calculating prudence and foresight of Sir Robert, as well as his almost intuitive apprehension of the policy which the situation called for. Another paper, by Sir Robert Peel, is an ingenious and elaborate defence of Sir Robert Walpole, from the charges of corruption and speculation which have been heaped on his memory. We cannot say that the defence is successful, but it certainly places the subject in a new light, and shows that much may be said on the other side. We have here, what few persons had during the life of the Duke of Wellington, that is, his opinion of the merits of other military leaders. In reply to a communication of Lord Stanhope's, the duke gives his views of the respective merits of Marlborough and Napoleon, and compares the conditions under which their operations were conducted with those under which he had to conduct his own in the Peninsula. The duke also sends to Lord Stanhope a piece of information which will be new to most students of history, namely, that John Churchill, the conqueror of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Oudenarde, who brought Louis XIV. to the verge of ruin, had, like his great colleague, Prince Eugene, applied in early life for a commission in the service of *Le Grand Monarque*. Another very interesting memorandum by the Duke of Wellington contains comments on the Moscow retreat, which he declares would have been still more disastrous and disgraceful had the weather been wet instead of frosty. Among more interesting matters we find some poor epigrams by Prince Charles Stuart, an enigma to the period when red coats became the uniform of the British army, and a very amusing correspondence upon blue and buff as the Whig colours, in which Lord Sidney Osborne, Sir Robert Adair, Mr. Jared Sparks, and the noble editor engage with great gusto. The volume closes with a very learned discussion of the question, 'Were human sacrifices in use among the Romans?' conducted by Lord Mahon, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Macaulay. That the last-named gentleman could unbend occasionally from the graver pursuits of statesmanship and historical composition, is proved by the following playful and tender verses addressed to the Lady Mary, daughter of the Earl Stanhope, on Valentine's day 1851. With this we conclude our notice of a book which contains within a small compass information of the

rarest kind on subjects the most important. It is a small parcel of literary gems, which, though they do not match, are separately of great intrinsic value.

'Hail, day of Music, day of Love,
On earth below, in air above,
In air the turtle fondly moans,
The linnets pipes in joyous tones;
On earth the postman toils along,
Bent double by huge bales of song,
Where, rich with many a gorgeous dye,
Blazes all Cupid's heraldry—
Myrtles and roses, doves and sparrows,
Love-knots and altars, lamps and arrows.
What nymph without wild hopes and fears
The double rap this morning hears?
Unnumbered lasses, young and fair,
From Bethnal Green to Belgrave Square,
With cheeks high flushed, and hearts loud beating,
Await the tender annual greeting.
The loveliest lass of all is mine—
Good morrow to my Valentine!

'Good morrow, gentle Child! and then
Again good morrow, and again,
Good morrow following still good morrow,
Without one cloud of strife or sorrow.
And when the God to whom we pay
In jest our homages to-day
Shall come to claim, no more in jest,
His rightful empire o'er thy breast,
Benignant may his aspect be,
His yoke the truest liberty:
And if a tear his power confess,
Be it a tear of happiness.
It shall be so. The Muse displays
The future to her votary's gaze;
Prophetic rage my bosom swells—
I taste the cake—I hear the bells!
From Conduit Street the close array
Of chariots barricades the way
To where I see, with outstretched hand,
Majestic, thy great kinsman stand,*
And half unbend his brow of pride,
As welcoming so fair a bride.
Gay favours, thick as flakes of snow,
Brighten St. George's portico:
Within I see the chancel's pale,
The orange flowers, the Brussels veil,
The page on which those fingers white,
Still trembling from the awful rite,
For the last time shall faintly trace
The name of Stanhope's noble race.
I see kind faces round thee pressing,
I hear kind voices whisper blessing;
And with those voices mingle mine—
All good attend my Valentine!

T. B. MACAULAY.

'St. Valentine's Day, 1851.'

DR. WHALLEY'S JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE.†

THE two volumes which contain the Memoirs and Correspondence of Dr. Whalley, may be accepted as agreeable additions to the conversational literature of the past age. Ranging over that period of fifty years which includes the final quarter of the last century with the earliest one of the present, and embracing the written confidences of Miss Seward, Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Hannah More, and others of the same social circle, the book must indeed be badly edited did it prove dull. But the editor has done his work well. The memoir is easily and pleasantly written, and though we think that the conventional pruning knife might have been applied with advantage, es-

* The Statue of Mr. Pitt in Hanover Square.

† Journals and Correspondence of Dr. Whalley, 2 vols., edited, with a Memoir and Illustrative Notes, by the Rev. Hill Wickham, M.A. London: Bentley. 1863.

pecially to the letters of Miss Seward, we must, we suppose, be considerate to the Rev. Hill Wickham, recollecting his extreme partiality for the deceased friend to whom they were addressed.

Although the literary works of Dr. Whalley have been long forgotten, the journals of his continental tours which commence these volumes prove the possession of considerable ability. United to a gift of description was a faculty of keen observation. Distinct phases of character are vigorously contrasted, while the nicer distinctions are most delicately etched off. There are, beside, scattered throughout, certain quaint felicities of expression which give the highest idea of the writer's conversational powers.

Throughout the mass of the correspondence, and notably that portion between Dr. Whalley and Miss Seward, the 'caw me, caw thee' style is amusingly perspicuous. The lady emphatically praises the Doctor's 'Lily of Guernsey,' a compliment which the Doctor returns by eulogising the lady's sonnet 'written in a death chamber.' Miss Seward is especially outspoken:—

'I never had a literary longing of so much impatience as to see your play. If it has the touching sweetness and pathos and interest of "Edwy and Edilda," I shall love it.'

With a natural presentiment, she adds:—

'I shall examine the newspapers with agitated anxiety to learn the reception your tragedy meets. I shall pay no regard, as to credence, to the *absurd strictures* they will probably contain on its subjects.'

Her fears were prophecies which met with sure fulfilment, for further on, in transmitting her congratulations, she says:—

'I minded not the newspaper criticisms; they, like those of the reviews, are generally a compound of ignorance, arrogance, and literary jealousy.'

If she obtains a favourable notice, her opinion of the writer's merit is modified. Mentioning a certain cousin White who sent her a laudatory critique of her sonnets, Miss Seward declares it to be 'very unlike the style of review criticism, in which ignorance and arrogance generally unite when poetry is the theme. The author, whoever he may be, is master of the poetic constituents and writes in a luminous and impressive style.' Poor Miss Seward! In glancing over her many lengthy epistles which these books contain, one cannot repress surprise that she could have secured so strong a hold on popularity, that Sir Walter Scott should have edited her poems after her decease, and Constable have found the publication of six volumes of her letters a profitable speculation. We venture to say that, judging alone from the correspondence published in these two volumes, there exists no clearer record of an author's self-adulation, vanity, and puerility.

The letters of the pride of Brynbell, Mrs. Piozzi, are considerably more interesting, conveying as they do much of the chit-chat of the day, written in that cheerful style which became an old lady who, to the scandal of some, could celebrate her eightieth birthday by a ball to eight hundred. Her readiness to impart news is only equalled by her eagerness to receive it, while any social *jeu de mot* is related with especial glee. In one letter she desires the Doctor to tell Lutwyche how 'one of our new-fangled poets said to a friend of mine that he had really made up a tolerable fortune, and would now marry and settle in the country, where,' added he, 'I have already taken one step in my new character by becoming a ma-

gistrate.' 'A magistrate,' echoes the merry man; 'a magistrate! Why, then, do, dear sir, put your money in the stocks, and send your poetry to the *House of Correction*.'

Her rapid relation of the Bath chat of the day is not unamusing. 'It,' she says, —

'goes on as it used to do; now a coffin pushing you off the pavement and now a bass viol case. Poor little Doctor Bowen was buried last week after an illness of sixteen weeks. I think that an unhappy fate indeed. Whatever door is opened for our departure, let us pray to God that it may not hang ajar, as the phrase is, for sixteen weeks. Dr. Murray, too, is very ill, but old Harrington, immortal Dr. Harrington, still lives and still composes good music. We have the Roscius, too — Mr. Betty, an excellent actor; and dear Miss Williams has got her niece and nephew, Mr. and Miss Williams, of Bodilyyddau, in the town.'

As an instance of her indomitable cheerfulness, the letter addressed to Dr. Whalley, after the sale at Streatham Park, yields one or two tempting extracts. Amidst references to a new book which prophesied the return of the Jews to Palestine in 1822, and which she fancied by the union of the three Powers against Turkey might be effected, and declaring that, before such gigantic events, 'what pigmy triumphs are those of our valiant men at Waterloo!' 'How small the conquests of Whiggism over the ministry and the income-tax!' she returns to Streatham: —

'The portrait of Dr. Johnson sold for 378*l.* sterling, and I am told that Dr. Burney bought it. That a scholar of the nineteenth century should be able and willing to give such a sum for a scholar's portrait who was most approved by the eighteenth, is pretty and proper, and we must rejoice that it has fallen into such hands. Garrick fetched 175 guineas. Edmund Burke 220. But you will see it all in the "Courier." I kept dear Murphy for myself. He was the playfellow of my first husband, the true and partial friend of my second; he loved my mother, and, poor as I am, Murphy remains with me.'

The letters of Mrs. Hannah More, of which there are several, exhibit the practical piety of her character and her benevolent desire for usefulness in the most favourable light. The majority have reference to the Blagdon controversy, which was occasioned by her establishment of schools for the poor in the vicinity of her residence at Mendip. This attempt was vehemently opposed, and the buildings ultimately closed, by the curate and sundry of his parishioners. In those days it was considered that the education of the poor was fraught with popular danger. The wife of one farmer, who rented land to the annual value of a thousand pounds, plainly told Mrs. More that 'the lower class were fated to be poor and ignorant and wicked,' and that, wise as these ladies were, they could not alter what was decreed. Those letters of Mrs. More which do not relate to this controversy—which in that day enlisted so much attention that no fewer than twenty-eight different pamphlets were written on its subject—are scarcely less pleasant than those of Mrs. Piozzi. Her favourite aversions seem to have been Bonaparte and Lord Byron. To the latter she refers in the following terms, which doubtless embodied the current gossip of the time: —

'Lord Byron would, if it were possible, sink as a poet as fast as he does as a man. That elegant, young, accomplished, well-born, well-bred, well-portioned young lady, who was imprudent enough to marry him, he has already turned adrift with her infant. He asked when he saw the latter whether it had a cloven foot, else it was not his. A gentleman of great fortune was here the other day, whose son lives within visiting distance of

Lord Byron in Nottinghamshire. He dined there lately. After dinner he handed round the skull of his grandfather, set in silver, to the company. They all drank except my acquaintance, who not only refused but discontinued his visits. Poor Lady Byron, I understand, bore all till he brought home an actress, whom he keeps, to dinner with her. She ordered her coach and her child, and took her final leave. *I forgot to say that all the bones of his ancestors are dug up by his order and lie about his domains.* I have not seen his last poem, but I hear that it is blasphemous, obscene, and silly.'

The correspondent of the Doctor, whose letters will be perused with the most interest, is decidedly Mrs. Siddons. Their acquaintance ranged from the time when Dr. Whalley first resided at Bath, which was before her second and great appearance in the metropolis, to his death. She was evidently possessed of that lucky shrewdness which enabled her to make every stray circumstance subservient to the advancement of her undoubted genius. Her judicious treatment of useful friends, the happy manner in which she received the patronage of the royal family, and the pleasant method she could adopt in rescuing herself from embarrassing positions, are amply indicated in these letters. The Doctor seems to have been ambitious to excel as a dramatic writer; and the refusal of several of the pieces of her susceptible friend imposed on Mrs. Siddons a most delicate task, of which she acquits herself with admirable skill. At first she parries the Doctor's applications, thanks him for 'Rosilda,' which she regrets, &c. Another play, named 'Astarte,' was presented by the Doctor, which was returned with a letter of which the following extracts form the commencement: —

'I feel at this moment in the most painful situation I ever experienced. I tremble to offend you, to disappoint your expectations. I am aware what danger I should incur with any living creature but yourself; but you are noble-minded, and will not love me less for my honesty and the agonising proof I now give you of my at present torturing affection for you. It is impossible for you to conceive, though you may a little guess, by the length of this (to me) dreadful preface, how difficult it is to say—how shall I say it?—"Astarte" will not do as you and I would have it do. Thank God, it's over. This has been so bitter a sentence for me to pronounce, that it has wrung drops of sorrow from the very bottom of my heart. This has been one of the severest trials that friendship and affection ever experienced. You have not an idea what I have suffered for these three days past, and the very painful struggles I have sustained between my affection and my delicacy.'

The letter concludes with gossip about the royal family, about her sister Elizabeth, who is married to Mr. Whitlock, a very worthy actor; and a reference to the union of Miss Young, to a Mr. Pope, who, she facetiously adds, is 'a mere boy, and the only child she will have by the marriage.'

Mrs. Siddons' opinion of Dublin is anything but flattering; she declares it to be—

'A sink of filthiness! the noisome smells, and the multitudes of shocking and most miserable objects, made me resolve never to stir out but to my business. I like not the people either; they are all ostentation and insincerity, and in their ideas of finery very like the French, but not so cleanly; and they not only speak but think coarsely. This is in confidence; therefore your fingers on your lips, I pray. They are tenacious of their country to a degree that is very laughable, and would call me the blackest of ingrates did they know my sentiments of them.'

The fates were unpropitious to this last fear. The postage not being pre-paid, the letter

was opened at the post-office, and, after following her through the country, was returned to Mrs. Siddons. Some of the natives of the country which she much maligned must have, therefore, become acquainted with her opinion.

Among the epistolary communications printed is one from Mrs. Lutwyche, which contains a pun too good to be overlooked. She was staying at that time in Paris, during the period that Louis XVIII. presided over the festivities of the court, just before Napoleon's return from Elba. The decorations of the empire remained, and while on a visit to the court she says: —

'I own I feel my heart beat high with indignation on seeing at every moment the letter N in every part of the palace now inhabited by the best of kings. Some one punned on the occasion, and said, *Il a des N (en) mis partout.*

To the lovers of the marvellous there is one recommendable story which seems more than usually well substantiated. The hero, or rather the person who received the special advantage from the supernatural visitation, was Dr. Blomberg, whose intimacy with the royal family arose from the following circumstance: —

'His father was a British officer, and in the earlier part of the reign of George III., he was quartered in the West Indies, together with Major Torriano, but in different islands, the latter being in St. Kitts. One night, as Major Torriano and another officer were lying in the same room, they suddenly saw Blomberg standing before them. On expressing their great surprise, he informed them that it was only his shade which they saw, as he had just fallen a victim to rapid disease, and was permitted to appear in order that he might request them, on their return home, to make a diligent search in a certain house in Scotland, where, in a chest, documents would be found which would put his young son in possession of a small property. The officers gave their promise and the ghost disappeared. In the course of a few days, intelligence reached St. Kitts of the death of Blomberg on the identical night in question. In due time search was made for the papers; they were found, and the boy obtained his property. The story came to the ears of the royal family, and the boy was sent for by George III., who brought him up with the young princes. He was educated for the church, and, through royal favour, was latterly Canon of St. Paul's, Chaplain to the Queen, and incumbent of St. Giles', Cripplegate.'

The books are well bound, well printed, and embellished with some carefully executed engravings from pictures and miniatures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, Cosway, and others.

EVELINE.*

'EVELINE' is a decided improvement upon 'Forest Keep,' and we congratulate the writer upon the production of a new story which is certain to prove a great success. The plot is interesting and well worked out, and although the reader, as the tale progresses, cannot fail to make a shrewd guess at the *dénouement*, even before he reaches the end of the first volume, yet there is sufficient ingenuity and novelty displayed in its development to redeem it from the charge of being inartistic.

'Eveline' is not a 'sensation' novel, for it is written, with one or two exceptions, in plain, simple language, and not in that abomin-

* Eveline: by the Author of 'Forest Keep.' 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1863.

able kind of diction which is termed 'sensation writing,' and which is now so much in vogue both with writers and readers. The nearest approach to that spasmodic and objectionable style is to be found in the prophecy of a clairvoyante, and which in itself contains enough of the kind of material necessary to furnish forth one of the modern fashionable melodramas:—

'You bear now a name that is not your own. A stream of kindred blood has already, though you are so young, flowed across the course of your life. There is a woman in a black veil who is constantly haunting you. You need not fear her, that black-veiled woman, though I feel that she is to be feared, for she is bound to you by a charm that she will not break. You have been already in danger of an ignominious death, and great perils still await you. I see flames rising up around you. I see two men who bear the same name, one of whom is constantly trying to work you evil, while the other shall work you good. I see in the distance, beyond all this, wealth and all other things which the world esteems, awaiting you. But you will not reach them, nor will you enjoy tranquillity till your long fair hair has been bathed in the blood of him you love best upon earth. After that, I see no more concerning you.'

But the writer of 'Eveline' is capable of much higher things than the mere invention and description of striking scenes and thrilling incidents. Perhaps in these days, when women write so freely about scenes and personages, concerning whom it were much to be wished that they knew nothing at all, the question of the sex of an anonymous author is as well let alone. None but a female hand could ever have drawn with such minute and loving touches the character of the hero. No one but a woman—not even the most bigoted and unreasonable disciple of the royal pedant who wrote the famous 'Counterblast'—would have been so daringly unjust as to assert of tobacco-smoke that it was 'that fragrant cloud of incense which man in the nineteenth century always offers up on the shrine of idleness,—as if smoke and idleness were convertible terms, and tobacco and hard-work were utterly incompatible! We beg leave to assure the fair authoress, in passing, that this sentence, although very neat and epigrammatic, is open to grave objections on the score of its soundness and veracity.

Of the three volumes of which 'Eveline' consists we like the first the best, because we are not borne along from place to place in breathless haste, nor passed rapidly on from one adventure to another, but have time allowed to look about us, and make remarks upon many things which are not necessarily intertwined in the thread of our story. We have opportunities afforded us for reflection, which is none the less welcome or beneficial because we must indulge it within the walls of a dreary, desolate old country mansion, or the still drearier and more desolate country prison. The earlier action of the story takes place in Cornwall,—all the novelists go to Cornwall now, since Mr. Wilkie Collins set the fashion,—and there we sojourn with some of the characters for a long time, but afterwards we cross the Channel, and hurried along through France and Italy, stopping at many places, and having such a succession of fresh incidents to attend to, that we have no time to think of anything else.

The sketch of the old Cornish clergyman is not happy, and, although the story of the one hundred and four sermons rests upon the venerable and veracious authority of the celebrated Joe Miller, we do not altogether credit it as it stands. We would also beg leave to suggest, for we know Cornwall well, that

Cornish servant-girls are not in the habit of saying, in their native dialect at least, 'the most nonconscionable young good-for-nothing she had ever set hies on.' Two of the similes of Mrs. Trewoodle,—

'By Tre, Pol, and Pen,

You may know the Cornish men,'—

the rector's old housekeeper, are worth quoting: 'I feel all over like a pot of cold cream, and 'I started up shaking all over like a shape of jelly.' Sloggles, the rural policeman, having been just informed that a murder has been committed in his district, is on his way to the scene of the bloody deed:—

'His fancy thought it perceived crime in all around him. In the shadow of every door-way and every wall there seemed to crouch a criminal seeking to evade the long arm of justice, of which he, Sloggles, was to be considered the forefinger. Two or three honest fishermen, whom he met on their early way towards the sea-shore, wore, in his eyes, the appearance of midnight assassins, and were almost laid hands on by him as such. The very pigs who ran about the village streets seemed to his ear to be holding treasonable gruntings with one another concerning some mysterious conspiracy against the laws. He cast suspicious glances up at the chimneys on the tops of the houses, which, in the dim light, looked not unlike the forms of desperate culprits who had mounted up there as a last means of escape. He gazed searchingly down every alley and turning, in the hope of seeing some one lurking in them. In short, every sight and sound appeared to him pregnant with crime.'

There is a pleasant vein of good-humoured banter and playful satire in the authoress's composition, which crops up at the surface every now and then, and makes us wish we could discern it more frequently. Thus of the old rector she says:—

'He neither kept his parishioners in a state of painful excitement and curiosity during the whole of the service to know in what part of the church he would next appear, and what would be the fashion of his robes, nor did he make them take an involuntary sabbath siesta while he said over and over again in the pulpit precisely the same thing for fifty minutes.'

Again:—

'Five or six respectable ladies, who were just in the middle of the religious stage of life, through which all single females of the present day regularly pass at a certain period, and during which they either, as the case may be, spend their time in embroidering priestly vestments or distributing tracts.'

Among the sights in the streets of Rome we meet—

'An English woman, with a large expanse of brown hat and red petticoat, and a step which said as plainly as words, "I'm going to do thoroughly to-day the Museum of the Capitol, the Coliseum, the baths of Caracalla, seventeen studios, and twenty-nine churches."'

We might multiply these pithy little extracts, but our space forbids. We might also take at random many a favourable specimen of the more serious vein of the authoress, but we forbear for the same reason. Her most successful efforts in this way are to be found in the delineation of the characters of Louis Harley and Eveline. The latter is a charming creation. Bred up in solitude with no companions, and no one to love but Shakspeare, Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, she grows up to womanhood in an atmosphere of imagination, passion, and romance. When at length her youthful dreams are rudely broken in upon, and she goes forth to battle with the actual world without, the influence of her intimate

communion with those mighty minds follows her and sustains her at many a terrible crisis. She is content to adore the man she loves at a distance without requiring or expecting any love from him in return. She gives up her whole soul to this one passion, but she still remains unselfish and noble and pure, even in the greatest temptations. When she thinks the man she loves is about to marry a friend of hers, she nearly quarrels with that friend for looking as she thinks too coldly upon his suit. This may appear almost too much even for the most self-sacrificing woman to impose upon herself, but Eveline has so long and so completely schooled herself to look upon Louis Harley as raised immeasurably out of her reach, that she is scarcely conscious of the bitter sorrow hereafter which she is laying up in store for herself by this sacrifice. But Eveline is by no means perfect; she is not all strength, and at times she is weak as other women.

Our authoress possesses a strong insight into character, and great facility in its delineation. Her powers of description are also of no mean order, and in her next work we hope to see fuller scope given to them; and if this be done at the expense of her wonderful fertility of invention, we and the public shall have, we think, no cause to regret the change.

A BLOCKADED ENGLISH LADY.*

'MISS Sarah Jones,' which we take to be a *nom de plume*, is an English lady with many relatives and connections in the northern states. In the pursuit of her profession, that of a governess, she accepted a situation in a southern family in 1860, and, with the exception of a short visit to England in the July of the same year, remained in the South, much against her will, till the autumn of 1862. Miss Jones was in a certain sense neutral between the belligerents, though she candidly confesses that her long residence in the South and the close intimacy in which she lived with many southern families, may in some cases have swayed her judgment slightly in favour of the Confederates. There is a degree of honesty in this confession, and in the evident endeavour to speak the truth without exaggeration, which marks the style of the book, that wins our confidence for the author, and supplies at the same time the means of correcting, by making due allowance for the strength of her emotions, any mistakes into which she may have fallen. What will strike the reader most is the quietness with which the strong deep currents of domestic life flow onward, even when the surface of society is torn and agitated by the tempests of war. Hearts bleed and break, households are decimated and plunged in sorrow, but the great perennial impulses of our nature, though checked for the moment, speedily resume their vigour, and elevate the common objects of life to their accustomed importance. A lady of more than ordinary intelligence and ability, and but slightly, if at all, biassed towards either of the contending parties, with a very keen faculty of observation, and commanding a graphic and forcible style of writing, living amongst a people so circumstanced, and

* Life in the South from the Commencement of the War. By a Blockaded British Subject. Being a Social History of those who took part in the battles, from a personal acquaintance with them in their own homes. From the Spring of 1860 to August 1862. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

making the best use of her opportunities, could not fail to produce a lively and entertaining work. Miss Jones does not appear to have been affected by any squeamishness about travelling alone in unknown regions, or by the sight of strange faces and stranger manners, though she rightly appreciated the gallantry of our transatlantic kinsmen, which has infused itself into even their national institutions. St. Stephen's should blush for the gilded bird-cage to which it relegates the wives, daughters, and lady-loves of honourable members who are desirous of hearing their eloquence, the speaker himself should hang his head with conscious barbarism, at this description of American chivalry:—

'It is impossible for a foreigner to visit Washington without being struck with the liberality and courtesy displayed in the arrangement of all the public buildings to accommodate visitors, and more particularly in the Capitol, where exists a remarkable proof of that national respect and deference to ladies for which Americans are justly celebrated. For them there are roomy cushioned seats in the extensive galleries surrounding the House of Representatives and Senate Chamber, and a large and elegant withdrawing room, conveniently furnished with easy chairs, sofas, mirrors, and *toilette*, marble fountains and abundance of fresh water, with civil and obliging waiting women; and all at public expense. Here a lady can repose and refresh herself without fear of intrusion; and she is thus tacitly invited and enabled to appear at the Capitol, in order to "lend a listening ear" to the discussions of her husband or friend in Congress, and take an interest in the affairs of her country. Thus she may exercise her true "woman's rights," not by usurping the power and office of the other sex, but by informing and cultivating her mind to increase her influence in her own true sphere, the sphere of HOME.'

Miss Jones obtained an engagement in the family of Mr. W., of Forest Hill, and acquired her first experience of domestic economy in the establishment of a regular slaveholder. She was fortunate in her *début*, for the W. family were everything she could desire; there was nothing of the Legree element in Mr. W.'s household. He was rather of the Shelby order, with even more humanity and downright kindness than Mrs. Stowe's creation. The slaves were fat, lazy, very much their own masters and mistresses, doing what they liked, and for the most part liking very much to do nothing. The house swarmed with negro children of both sexes, who displayed, with regard to Miss Jones, as much curiosity as so many magpies or monkeys would at the discovery of an unknown object.

'Mrs. W. proposed to conduct me up to my chamber, whither we were followed by the "Aunt" and several negro children, leaving Cinta screaming after one of the Topsy's, who were all too intent on their observations of the stranger, to think of their young mistress' claims on their attention. "Aunt Ailsey" again drives them off, sending one for wood and another for water, and a third is to tell somebody to come and "build" a fire. Mrs. W. invites me to feel at home and ask for what I require, and appoints the eldest Topsy to be my especial waiting maid. On leaving the room she said supper would soon be ready, and no doubt a cup of tea would prove very refreshing. Immediately appears another negro woman with three or four huge logs of wood upon her head and a lighted stick in her hand, followed by Topsy No. 1, with a great basket of "chips," also poised without holding upon her head; Topsy No. 2, with an apron full of "corn cobs," and Topsy No. 3, with a pitcher of fresh water, also on her head. The woman dropped a curtsy with "How'dy, Missus?" which salutation, not comprehending, I could only nod in return.'

In the better ordered slave establishments belonging to the F. F. V.'s, or first families in Virginia, the negroes live frequently in the same family for three or four generations, which gives rise to the endearing and familiar style in which they address and are addressed by their masters. Miss Jones explains it thus:—

'From the fact of negroes growing up in a family in this manner, arises the custom of calling all its members, however old, by their Christian name. Even a grandfather is "old master Harry, or Willy," and the ladies are always "Miss Molly," or "Miss Sue." They were Master Willy and Miss Sue when children, and marriage does not change them in the eyes of the old servants, who, on their part, are always known as "Uncle," or "Aunt" Edsey, or Peggy, mister and mistress being titles never applied to negroes. And in the course of visiting about the neighbourhood, one discovered so many unexpected uncles and aunts who presented their ebony palms to the stranger, that I confess my philanthropy was somewhat tried by this perpetual shaking of hands.'

Religion does not appear to be lodged in cedar palaces in the South, though we should have expected the men who preached to such a congregation as the W.'s and their friends, to be at least tolerably educated. The Methodist Church, however, in which Miss Jones performed her first public devotions, was too bad, rough, clumsy, and comfortless, without paint or plaster, and the preacher, from his box of unplained deal boards, exhorted his hearers to depart from the 'arrow' of their ways, to seek the 'object' of their 'salvation,' which was like the dew upon the 'mountings.' It is a mistake to suppose that the dominant race forbid their slaves all education. Here is a specimen of negro erudition, elicited in reply to Miss Jones's question, 'Can you read, Aunt Ailsey?'

'"Wall, I ken read—I ken read tol'bul wall, I ken. I read the Bible a bit, an' I reads hymns too. An' I ken count up too." (Another laugh.) "I knows. I knows enough. I ken tell 'em all;" intermingling little bursts of laughter, at the notion of her extensive attainments. "Twenty, an' it takes twenty to make forty; twenty an' ten more, that makes thirty; an' ten times ten's a hundred: nobody learnt me: I found it all out. Five twenties makes a hundred too!" Back goes the head, and a long "Whew—hew—ew" follows this successful rehearsal. "I ken tell watches and clocks, an' all sorts, Minnits an' seconds, an' all, I can. I knows enough! Learnt myself all of it."

"That's all very useful, Aunt Ailsey, and people can learn a great deal by observation; but can you read the Bible easily?"

"Wall, I likes best t' read the hymns, cos ef yer can make out t' read one line, yer be mighty apt to guess what's in the nex', but if yer sets out t' read the Bible, ye'll have to keep guessing all the time, an' that's mighty bothersome, I thinks."

Miss Jones's first pupil, Cynthia W., or 'Mi-Cinta,' as the blacks called her, became ill, and unable to attend her studies; whereupon Miss Jones's engagement terminated, five months after it had been made, and she availed herself of the long vacation to visit her native land. She remained but a short time in England, and in the beginning of November 1860 we find her again in New York. The excitement caused by the visit of the Prince of Wales had not yet subsided. Impulsive young ladies were still rushing about to the hotels at which the Prince had halted, catching up and securing as souvenirs every article that had been touched by the royal traveller, even to the soap with which he had washed his hands. Grave politicians alluded with semi-serious smiles to a rumour that a certain Virginian belle had

touched the Prince's heart; but recent events in our own metropolis have sufficiently shown the fallacy of this rumour. These sunny ripples were, however, merging rapidly in the deep ground-swell of the approaching civil war. Our author witnessed the whole of those indefinable symptoms which portended the hurricane of passion that has since swept over the Western Continent, and laid its previous history and traditions in ruins. Sensation paragraphs on the prospects of the different candidates for the presidency began to throng the public journals, exaggerated statements respecting the power, determination, and persistency of the two sections of the still United States, began to mark very distinctly the tendency to separation. If the North calculated on a powerful reaction in favour of the Union when the supposed Union sentiment of the South should be liberated from the restraint in which it was said to be held by 'an insignificant oligarchy,' the South calculated no less upon division and weakness in the North, through the conflict of opinion, which even then was manifest between the Democrats and the Republicans. Events have since shown how much mistaken were the calculations on both sides. Whilst men's minds were thus agitated, and the very air seemed filled with the elements of combustion, it was no pleasant position for a lady to find herself alone, in the midst of strangers. Our author was not, however, given to the melting mood; she repudiates, with a courage worthy of all praise, the character of 'an unprotected female.' She went about her affairs with a coolness and circumspection which would have done honour to the more pretentious sex, and kept her eyes open to what was passing around her with a steadiness that nothing could distract. She failed, by misadventure, of obtaining a situation, and was obliged to 'locate' herself at Ballard House, a large hotel at Richmond. She gives a graphic account of her fellow-guest at the hotel; but the expense was too heavy for her slender finances, and, by the advice of friends, she took up her quarters at a boarding-house. Whilst here, Mr. Lincoln was elected, and the six Gulf States seceded. The effect of these great events upon the people of Richmond is excellently photographed; but we like our author best when she describes the domestic manners and customs of the South. Here she really throws new light on many subjects, especially upon the 'peculiar institution.' Of course, Miss Jones saw only the better aspect of the institution, and may therefore be excused for speaking of it gently, if not approvingly. She quite admired the slaves in the boarding-house:—

'My landlady possessed a whole family of, to me, remarkably interesting negroes, of whom two were continually near me in the performance of their daily duties. Tom, a handsome mulatto youth, constituted himself my especial attendant at meal times, and his younger sister Frances, a girl of about fifteen, acted as my chamber and waiting-maid upstairs. They had a married sister, Charlotte, who lived in a tenement at the back of the house, and whose three pretty children were always playing about the yard, the recipients of sundry cakes and pennies from the various boarders. Charlotte's husband was hired to a druggist close by, but being a great favourite in the house, his mistress, my landlady, frequently gave him odd jobs to occupy his spare time, and he continued to be her confidential servant. Another sister was the cook of the family, a third was chamber-maid on another floor, and a younger brother was learning to wait at table under Tom's instructions. These negroes all had light complexions, or what is called "yellow" among the coloured population. They all had silky hair, a bright colour in their

checks, well shaped mouths and noses, and beautiful eyes and teeth; quite a handsome family of slaves.

The old English instinct of freedom could not, however, be entirely extinguished; and she records, with something like a shudder, advertisements for the sale of carpenters, cooks, nurses, hair-dressers, and other skilled persons. What would she have said of the gentleman who advertised 'An eloquent preacher, particularly strong in his application of the Gospel to the unconverted,' or to the deacons who bought him to be their pastor? Miss Jones at length obtained a second engagement in the family of a Mr. Quence, who turned out to be a Baptist minister, serving three churches, a strong secessionist, and a somewhat ferocious enemy of abolitionists and Yankees in general. Never did a herald of peace express more warlike, not to say atrocious, sentiments than did the Rev. Mr. Quence. Here is an utterance worthy of Guido Fawkes himself, backed in a manner that would have done credit to Guy's female relatives:—

"'Union!' cried the Baptist minister; 'preserve the Union! Will he even preserve the Union of the North, to say nothing about the South? Has not the Union been irremediably destroyed already?'"

"It is reported at Richmond that a train of gunpowder is laid under the Capitol at Washington and the White House; in order to blow them up, should the Unionists be obliged to vacate the city."

"If I could only apply a match to the train of gunpowder," returned Mr. Quence, "that vilest of the off-scouring of creation, Lincoln, would soon be nearer heaven than ever he would have a chance to be again."

"I wish some one would put an end to him," said Mrs. Spotts; "it would be a benefaction to the country."

"I feel like taking up arms myself, and joining the troops," said the minister.

"Oh, if I could only transform myself into 100,000 men!" exclaimed his wife.

As an English woman, Miss Jones shared in the reverend gentleman's apostolical hatred of all abolitionists. He thwarted her in every possible way, opened her letters, screwed down her salary, and wished to render her incapable of leaving the country in order that his children might have the benefit of her instructions on his own terms. Mr. Quence certainly must have done much to correct Miss Jones's too favourable estimate of slaveholders derived from her fortunate acquaintance with the family at Forest Hill. Before she could get out of this American Schloss Hainfeld, events were hurrying on the mortal arbitrament of war. Fort Sumter had fallen, and preparations for the deadly conflict, now inevitable, were making on all sides. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the women of the South. They prepared flags and banners, tents, gun-cases, clothing, bandages, lint; they sent preserved meats, pickles, fruits, wines and liquors, medicines, necessaries, and luxuries of all kinds to the army. Heiresses brought their jewels, matrons their finery, gentlemen in many cases their whole fortunes and their lives, as an offering to their country. In short, were not our sympathies checked by the thought that all this was done to perpetuate the abomination of slavery, we should be ready to regard the attitude of the South as one of the noblest instances of patriotic devotion on record. Nor was this self-denying enthusiasm confined to the grown-up people; it was fully shared by the children and youth of the South. Lads of thirteen and fourteen years joined the army with their toy rifles, and

boasted with a touch of inhumanity indicative of the fierceness of the general passion against the North, how they had 'bagged' so many Yankees, just as if they were talking of game. Even the young ladies of the South did not escape the sanguinary contagion, and practised pistol shooting, each wishing that the target at which she took aim were a Yankee. War was now not 'in prospect,' but in actual operation round about our countrywoman; the blockade, too, was becoming daily more stringent. Correspondence became almost impossible with the outer world, and escape thither wholly so. The bloodless character of the first encounters between the hostile forces, became material for many jokes. At the first attempt of the Federals on Aquia Creek, about six hundred cannon-balls were fired, without any further damage to the Confederates than the slaughter of a chicken, whereupon the following arithmetical problem was proposed for solution:— 'If it take six thousand dollars' worth of powder to kill one Virginia chicken, how much will it take to exterminate the whole population of the South?' In spite of this apparent light-heartedness, meanwhile, there was a profound and anxious yearning for the recognition of the Confederacy by the European powers, and especially by England. With this wish father to the thought, the South reasoned upon the inefficiency of the blockade, upon the power of King Cotton, and upon the impossibility that Lancashire could consent for any length of time to be deprived of the great staple of its industry. The heart-sickness of this long-deferred hope in some cases, turned to distrust and bitterness against this country; nor does it seem to have once occurred to the Southern leaders, that England is really sincere in her hatred of slavery. They devise the most extraordinary reasons for our non-interference; they cannot, or will not, understand how Great Britain can admire their indomitable bravery, and splendid achievements on the battle-field, without sympathising thoroughly with their objects. It has never occurred to them that the true way to secure that sympathy, and, at the same time, to check-mate the North, would be for themselves to take measures for the gradual extinction of slavery, if it were only the first step of turning it into predial serfdom. In the absence of professional employment, Miss Jones turned hospital nurse, and, in conjunction with several of her lady friends, did much to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, who now began to arrive from the various battle-fields in large numbers. Whilst thus engaged, our author caught a glimpse of the Southern President at church.

'Character is stamped upon his features. A broad, full, prominent forehead, nose somewhat aquiline, lips thin, firm, and delicate. Mildness and gentleness are the prominent expression; kindness, benevolence, then a touch of sadness strikes you: the least shadow of bitterness melting into sorrow: and had he not sufficient cause? But there is plenty of resolution, and dignity combined with conscientiousness; and you feel that words from those lips would not fall light and powerless. He is said to be a devout Christian, too; meek devotion marks his bearing in the presence of the Almighty; nor was the father buried in the patriot, nor the parent's duty sunk in individual worship. Frequently he shared his book with his young son by his side, quietly pointing to direct the eye, or guide him in the chants.'

Miss Jones, after much hesitation and many difficulties, obtained a fresh engagement as professor of music in the Baptist Ladies' College at Warrenton, whither she travelled with a train full of wounded soldiers, which presented an awful mass of human suffering. At

Warrenton she was in the immediate vicinity of the two opposing armies, and had an opportunity of witnessing many of the grim realities of war, as well as of enduring the privations it entails upon the people who are exposed to its ravages. Among many strange horrors was this:—

'On the platform at the Junction, I saw several coffin-like cases, with a name, address, and the age of the individual marked upon each, generally having also the name of the regiment of which the enclosed corpse had been a member,—the mortal remains of some dear one being conveyed to his last resting-place!'

Miss Jones left Warrenton to fulfill a new engagement in Florida, saw on her journey the ruins of Charleston, which had just been destroyed by a conflagration, passed through crowds of forsaken negroes, whose masters were away with the army, reached Savannah, where she made a short stay, and, after passing through Georgia, at length reached her new home, the residence of the Governor of Florida. Her descriptions of the governor, his family, and establishment, and of the country and people, are excellent. It is impossible not to admire the courage and prudence of a single lady, who could encounter with steadiness so many difficulties and dangers, and not only encounter but overcome them with honour and reputation. We know not where we could point out a work in which the reader would be likely to find a larger amount of accurate information concerning the interior life of the South during its present seclusion from intercourse with the rest of the world, nor, making due allowance for certain feminine partialities, a fairer view of the effects of the changes wrought upon the people by political and warlike events. We are glad to learn that she escaped all perils and is now safe in England, where, we trust, her great literary ability will be properly appreciated.

CURIOSITIES IN ADVERTISING.*

ALTHOUGH the numerous hoardings that border too many of our streets bear witness to the fact that we are an advertising people, it is the opinion of Mr. William Smith that the art of making one's merits known to the public is still in its infancy. The creators of their own notoriety expend infinite amounts of money in printer's ink and posters; but do they always advertise in the right way, at the right time, in the right place? Mr. William Smith thinks not, and he addresses each trade in turn with advice for its especial benefit.

That he is a qualified adviser, his own account of the manner in which he worked Mr. Watts Phillips's drama, the *Dead Heart*, into celebrity, sufficiently proves. He looks back with complacency to the adhesive labels which he devised, and which were in the shape of a heart, inscribed with the title of that popular play. 'Many a label,' says he, exultingly, 'has been stuck in a coat and hat, and little did the wearer think that he was for the time an advertising medium.' He received an indignant letter from a lady, whose husband went out to a public dinner, and returned with one label of the *Dead Heart* sticking in his dress coat, and three in the inside of his hat. The lady angrily stated that she had mentioned the outrage to several friends; but this declaration afforded pleasure instead of pain to the ruthless advertiser. 'The lady little

* Advertise—How? When? Where? By William Smith, Acting Manager, New Adelphi Theatre. London: Routledge.

thought,' observes Mr. Smith with a chuckle, 'what publicity she was giving to the piece by communicating with her friends on the subject.'

As the object of all advertisement is notoriety, Mr. W. Smith is especially disgusted with those announcements that rather repel than invite attention. Sad bunglers, for instance, are those linen-draper and silk-mercers whose bills are surreptitiously put under the door or knocker, or enclosed in envelopes directed to the 'Mistress of the House.' It is with a thorough consciousness of right that Mr. Smith asks, 'any mistress of any house' if she would ever care to open any envelope with this anonymous address. The very servants are heard to exclaim, 'What a nuisance! Another confounded linendraper's bill! Dragging me downstairs for that!' The linen-draper, if he follow Mr. Smith's counsel, will temper zeal with prudence. He will not recklessly thrust his bills through all doors, without distinction, but he will take out his Directory, and thence select some 1,000 or 1,500 names and addresses. To the favoured few he will send bills, per post, knowing that his envelope, in that case, is sure to be opened, instead of being ignominiously cast aside, in its original closed condition, like those absurd communications to the mistress of the house. It is hard indeed, thinks Mr. Smith, if, out of twelve letters, one does not catch a customer; and of the other eleven, some perhaps may talk, if they do not buy.

In the integrity of the men and boys who are employed to distribute circulars, Mr. Smith has but little faith. Indeed, he effectually demonstrates that the interests of them and their employers are diametrically opposite to each other. The employer wishes the knowledge of his name to be diffused as widely as possible; the boy's interest does not go beyond a desire to reduce the bundle he is condemned to carry. Hence the boy would obtain nothing but gratification if he flung half his bundle of knowledge over one of the bridges. Moreover, if honesty be granted, something like talent is required for effectual distribution. Mr. Smith himself received, at the South Western station, Waterloo Road, the same tailor's bill for ten consecutive mornings, and how lamentable was the ignorance of the distributors, that they did not know Mr. Smith! An intelligent distributor, if he made use of a little observation, would soon distinguish the stranger from the everyday pedestrian; and to call the spirit of observation into play, the rate of wages might be profitably elevated, especially if balanced by increased economy in the cost of printing.

Mr. Smith is urgent in recommending to tradesmen means of advertisement, which are independent of distribution. Tobacconists are already in the habit of printing their names on the paper containing their goods, but Mr. Smith suggests that they should also stamp them on the bowls of pipes, and that on the larger cases of tobacco the shop and prices of articles should be advertised on all the four sides. The best customers might receive a Christmas box in the shape of a large-bowled clay pipe, likewise inscribed with the donor's name.

A card, the shape of which shall indicate the peculiar vocation of the tradesman, is one of Mr. Smith's favourite expedients. Thus the tailor's cards should be shaped like coats, waistcoats, and trousers; the poulterer may bear the semblance of a turkey; the fishmonger's be like a crab. A card shaped like a bottle of 'whisky, Hollands, or champagne' (according to the neighbourhood, we suppose), and

opening into an almanac, is recommended to publicans. The effect which such a card would produce is thus prophetically and graphically described by Mr. Smith:—

'It would cause, what is required in the present age—a "sensation!" Mrs. Brown would tell Mrs. Jones, who would inform Mrs. Smith; and she would mention it to Mrs. Robinson; and little Tom Harris would run in with the news to the coal-shed; and Mr. Clark would ask Edwards, the omnibus-driver, if he had one; and he would tell the gentleman with the every morning meerschaum pipe, on the box-seat, who would be sure to talk of it to his brother clerks (if they had a moment free from labour); and the errand-boy waiting on the back seat would steal out to tell George, the telegraph lad—(I have great belief in the boys, as mediums of publicity; nor am I alone in my faith. An intimate friend of mine, who shall be nameless, has for years impressed his trust in the juvenile members of society upon the London public; and I can conscientiously say with my old friend P—I B—df—d, "I believe you, my boy"). Well, George, the telegraph lad, would hasten back to the office, and talk about the novelty to the interesting young lady operator (who would send a message to another interesting female of her acquaintance at an office in the Far West), hoping a message would come to deliver near the public-house that had the new almanac; and the same little routine would be started in five hundred channels ere the hours went "Twice Round the Clock."'

The brass letters put on glass doors and windows came in for a share of Mr. Smith's esteem, but his admiration was one day seriously cooled, when he saw an announcement, that Bass's pale ale was to be sold on draught and in bottle, reduced to the following enigmatical inscription:—

ASS's ALE
ON AUGHT
AND OTTLE.

He perceived the non-adhesive quality of the letters, and mourned over the instability of human institutions.

Mr. Smith is not only an ingenious counsellor for the future, but a very pleasant chronicler of the past. He brings together several of the curiosities of advertisement literature, old playbills, old lottery puffs, specimens of the poetical prose of the late George Robins, whose art has died with him, and much of his book is occupied with an amusing collection of anecdotes.

In making his notions intelligible to the public, Mr. Smith is ably assisted by Messrs. W. McConnell and J. H. Swan, by whom the book is copiously illustrated with well-executed wood-cuts.

SYLVIA'S LOVERS.*

CHARLES LAMB divided his books, his dear friends and companions, into two sorts; the real books, and the *biblia a biblia*, books which were really not books, into which class he threw 'all dry treatises, volumes of divinity, backgammon boards bound like books, Hume's "History of England," and generally all such books as no gentleman's library should be without;' and he adds, with pious unction, 'I thank my stars for a taste at once so catholic and exclusive.'

Accepting this classification, so as there are books which are *not* books, are there novels which are *not* novels; tracts bound up in

volumes and parcelled out into chapters; *réchauffés* of Robinson Crusoe and the natural history cunningly mixed up for boys; dialogues on social science and cheap bread; corn law tracts and political idealisms; fashionable scandal and biographies of curates of the low church, broad church, or high church; nay, there are diaries of dissenting ministers bound in mauve colour and gold and put forward as novels.

Happily for us, Mrs. Gaskell's new story is none of these. It is a *bona fide* love story, as old as the hills and as new and fresh as this morning's primrose, or the last baby. It is, in fact, a new version of the 'Auld Robin Gray,' but so told that were it a new version of Romeo and Juliet, or of Othello, it would be fresh and charming. In the East Riding of Yorkshire dwells, with her father and mother, a pretty simple farm-house maid, a quiet country girl, just a girl and no more, Sylvia Robson. In the portrait Mrs. Gaskell has drawn, she has been careful of colour and character. Sylvia is a pretty, somewhat wilful, half-spoiled girl, with a good head and heart, and with a very fair share of selfish appreciation. There is not much idealism about her; flesh and blood she is, and Yorkshire flesh and blood into the bargain. The Robsons live near Monkshaven, a north country port of small but lively importance, whence Greenland whalers depart upon their long and dangerous voyages, and where—the story opens at the close of the last century—come his Majesty's ships and their obnoxious press-gangs to empty the Greenland whalers, and to steal from them their most valuable freight, fine north country sailors. One of these men, a 'specksionneer' of a whaler, and in time to be part shareholder and captain, is Charles Kinraid, one of Sylvia's lovers, and the one to whom she gives her heart. He is a bold, somewhat reckless fellow, manly, open, and given to roving; has been in love before, and one young lady has broken her heart for him. He is favoured by old Robson, an obstinate Yorkshireman, half farmer, half smuggler. The other lover is a quiet townsman of Monkshaven, Philip Hepburn, a good, conscientious, loving, noble-hearted fellow, encouraged by Sylvia's mother, and a great deal more fond of Sylvia than she is of him.

Of course the dashing seaman prospers in his suit. Sylvia and he exchange love tokens, and he is about to depart on a voyage, when he is set upon by the press-gang; his hat and handkerchief are found, and his death is reported at home. Upon this Sylvia loses all hope, and her father, old Robson, who has always had his grudge against government, heads an *émeute*, burns down the 'Randyvoos,' or meeting-house of the king's sailors, and is taken and hung. He is, however, regarded as a patriot and martyr by the simple Monkshaven people.

In the midst of their distress Philip Hepburn, now a partner in the firm—indeed the head—offers Sylvia his heart and home, and she marries him. Mrs. Robson lives with the young couple, and so also does Hester, Philip's cousin, a religious good girl, of subdued but deep feelings, who has always loved Philip. Sylvia, who never truly loves her husband, has a baby, upon which she lavishes her affection, treats Philip with scant kindness, and constantly mourns for Charley. As in 'Auld Robin Gray,' so in this book, the heroine has a dream of her old lover; there is a wreck of a king's vessel, and she lends a hand to save the crew, and amongst others rescued is a lieutenant, Charley Kinraid, so promoted for gallant services under Sir Sidney

* Sylvia's Lovers: by Mrs. Gaskell, Author of the 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' 'Mary Barton,' &c. &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

Smith. In the scene which follows, Mrs. Gaskell has put forth all her art, and has succeeded in a great degree. Sylvia finds that her husband knew that Kinraid lived, and makes a vow never to be his wife again. But she does not know that Philip is aware of Kinraid's former love, and that he mistrusted his fickleness. Kinraid begs Sylvia to fly with him, saying that she has been cheated into a marriage. But her child cries out, and reminds her that she is a wife, and she remains, giving Kinraid one kiss, and vowing never to see him more:—

'O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss and tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee:
Oh, why do I live to say, Wae's me?'

Kinraid upbraids her as a false heart, and rushes away, to be heard of after many days as married and happy!

Not so Hepburn; his whole life is blasted by his wife's curse. He flies his house, enlists as a marine, and saves his rival's life, then Captain Kinraid, at St. Jean d'Acre. He is afterwards maimed and disfigured by an explosion, comes back to England a ghost of himself, crawls up to the North, lives by begging near his wife and child, is fed by their charity, rushes into the sea to save his own child, rescues her, but is so beaten and bruised by the waves that he dies two days afterwards in Sylvia's arms, repentant of his one fault, forgiving and forgiven. Sylvia then knows how tender and true the man's heart has been whom she has driven from her:—

"Will God ever forgive me, think ye? I drove ye out fra ye'r home, and sent ye away to t' wars, where ye might ha' gotten ye'r death; and when ye come back poor, and lone, and weary, I told her for to turn ye out; for I knew ye must be starving in these famine times. I think I shall go about among them as gnash their teeth for iver, while ye' are where all tears are wiped away."

"No," said Philip, turning round his face, forgetful of himself in his desire to comfort her. "God pities us as a father pities his poor wandering children: the nearer I come to death, the clearer I see Him. But you and me have done wrong to each other; yet we can see now how we were led to it; we can pity and forgive each other. I am getting low and faint, lassie; but thou must remember this, God knows more, and is more forgiving than either you to me or me to you. I think and do believe as we shall meet together before His face; but then I shall ha' learnt to love thee second to Him; not first, as I have done here upon the earth."

And so he dies, the last chapter being—as indeed is the whole of the book—in clear, calm, beautiful English, full of depth, meaning, and pathos,—as different from the meretricious and harmful writing of 'Aurora Floyd' as the mind of one woman authoress is from the other. There is no one who would not be benefited by Mrs. Gaskell's book. The sympathy is with the dear good husband; not as in 'Aurora Floyd,' with an inexcusable young lady Lorette, who happens to be born out of her sphere, and into a fortune. We can safely advise all novel readers to take up this book, to read it and study it.

No painter ever sat down to make a study of a sea-coast town more patiently than Mrs. Gaskell. Her portraits of Yorkshire rustics are notoriously good; here is one, old Kester, a farm-servant and attached friend of the Robsons.

He is about to drink the bride's health:—

'He stood, red and half smiling, with his cake in one hand, his wine in the other, and then began—

"Long may ye live,
Happy may ye be,
And blest with a numerous
Pro-ge-ny."

"There, that's po'try for ye as I learnt i' my youth. But there's a deal to be said as cannot be put int' po'try, an' yet a cannot say it, somehow. It would tax a parson t' say all as I've gotten i' my mind. It's like a heap o' wool just after shearing time; it's worth a deal, but it tak's a vast o' combing and carding and spinning afore it can be made use on. If a were up to t' use o' words, a could say a mighty deal; but somehow a'm tongue-tied when a come to want my words most, so a'll only just mak' bold t' say as a think ye've done pretty well for yo'sell, gotten a house full o' furniture (looking round him as he said this) an' vittles and clothing for t' axing, belike, an' a home for t' missus in her time o' need; an' mebbe not such a bad husband as a once thought yon man would mak'; a'm not above saying as he's mebbe better nor a took him for; so here's to ye both, and wishing ye health an' happiness, ay, and money to buy ye another, as country folk say."

The contrast between the religious, self-denying Hester, who truly appreciates the value of Philip—who loves him, but never tells her love—and the passionate, selfish, and untaught Sylvia, ignorant of the workings of her own heart, is also good:—

"Again, the two different women were divergently affected by the extreme fondness which Bell had shown towards Hester ever since Sylvia's wedding day. Sylvia, who had always received more love from others than she knew what to do with, had the most entire faith in her own supremacy in her mother's heart, though at times Hester would do certain things more to the poor old woman's satisfaction. Hester, who had craved for the affection which had been withheld from her, and had, from that one circumstance, become distrustful of her own power of inspiring regard, while she exaggerated the delight of being beloved, feared lest Sylvia should become jealous of her mother's open display of great attachment and occasional preference for Hester. But such a thought never entered Sylvia's mind. She was more thankful than she knew how to express to any one who made her mother happy; as has been already said, the contributing to Bell Robson's pleasures earned Philip more of his wife's smiles than anything else. And Sylvia threw her whole heart into the words and caresses she lavished on Hester whenever poor Mrs. Robson spoke of the goodness and kindness of the latter. Hester attributed more virtue to these sweet words and deeds of gratitude than they deserved; they did not imply in Sylvia any victory over evil temptation, as they would have done in Hester."

'Sylvia's Lovers' deserves immediate popularity, and it also deserves more; it is a book that we may read, and our children may return to.

HORSE-RACING.*

NONE but those who have been resident in one of our great race-towns during the hurry and bustle of its periodical Saturnalia, can truly appreciate how deeply the mind of an Englishman is stirred by the prospect and excitement of a race.

Pleasant Sylvanus tells us how prevalent the passion was in his day; that in York especially there were several shops, where, under pretence of a small purchase, you could get 'pepper' to a 'pony' on any pending race, whilst many a bootmaker would give a pair of boots, and any tailor a coat, to return fifty on

his fancied outsider in Scott's lot. Greater facilities of locomotion, a larger population, together with the increased amount of stakes and bets at issue, have so far served to foster this natural instinct, that but few occurrences, we imagine, could overshadow the national enjoyment in what the cheery Premier calls our Isthmian games.

While welcoming the subject of our notice as a genuine attempt to disseminate a history of the turf among the general public, we are compelled to acknowledge a feeling of disappointment at the result of so praiseworthy an effort. The book is not, we fear, calculated to break the barrier which has hitherto restricted the circulation of turf literature among its more active supporters and admirers. Turf society being peculiarly favourable to the development of character, we should have supposed that the anecdotes might have been more numerous and less dull. A material portion of the volume consists of verbatim copies of, or lengthened extracts from, various Acts of Parliament, of which the barest abstracts would have been sufficient, while the original information conveyed by our author, like the wine of the hostess in Tobin's *Honey-moon*, compensates alone for the dilution of its quality by the meagreness of the supply.

The earliest record of a horse-race is furnished by Fitz-Stephen, who relates how, during the reign of Henry II., the sporting city were accustomed to visit Smithfield to see the horses run. Henry VIII. seems to have been the first king who endeavoured to improve the native breed of horses by the systematic importation of foreign blood. But that which was merely a predilection with Henry VIII., to James I. became an engrossing passion. During his royal progresses, the best amusement which the hospitality of the provincial citizens could devise for the entertainment of their monarch was the excitement of a horse-race. The strong bias of the king, so frequently displayed, rendered the pastime of public interest, and it speedily became popular. The quality of the racing was tested by a higher standard; pedigrees grew of importance, weights were adjusted, and the necessary training discipline of the horse began to claim attention. To the enthusiastic and consistent support of King James, indeed, the institution of horse-racing, as it at present exists, may date its commencement. His patronage led to the establishment of permanent courses, the first mention of which, that we are aware of, occurring in Ruggle's curious comedy of *Ignoramus*, 'as acted before his Majestie and Prince of Wales at Cambridge.' To his personal exertions beside, and frequent presence, both Newmarket and Epsom were originally indebted for their popularity.

But the king also took measures to gratify the taste he had done so much to create. At the expense of 500*l.*, in those days an enormous sum, he bought from a Mr. Markham an Arab stallion, which, though considered by many, including even the Duke of Newcastle, a great authority on equine topics, as of too diminutive size, did much to improve the English breed, which had grown thick and clumsy. In order further to encourage the introduction of foreign blood, he allowed the free exportation of English horses. The royal interest, thus actively exercised, induced corresponding efforts on the part of the nobility, who began beside to perfect themselves in the Italian mode of equitation which they had commenced to study under the previous reign, when the art of riding had been so little understood that Elizabeth herself, it is believed, was the first to introduce to ladies the fashion

* Horse-Racing: its History, and Early Records of the Principal and other Race Meetings; with Anecdotes, &c. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

of riding sideways. Blundeville's description both of horse and rider in a meet of that day is so quaint and amusing, that, though it finds no place in the book under review, we yield to the temptation of an extract for the benefit of our readers:—

'Ofttimes,' he says, 'you shall see some that sit on their horses like wind shaken reeds, handling their hands and legs like weavers. Or if the horseman be good, the horse for his parte shall be so evel broken as when he is spurred to go forward he shall go backward. And when his ryder shall have him to turn on the right hande he will turne clean contrary. And when he should stoppe, he will arme hymselfe and run away, or else stoppe sooner than his ryder would have him, or use such like toyes.'

During the troublous times of Charles I. the importance of political events overcame the particular consideration of racing topics. That they were not abandoned is proved by the fact that at the end of his reign races were commenced in Hyde Park. For state reasons the Protector was compelled to suspend the practice of horse-racing on two occasions, for respectively six and eight months. In this precaution he was not altogether unjustified, for Clarendon tells how there was a great gathering of Royalists on Banstead Downs, the present Epsom race-course, on pretence of a horse-race. But Cromwell, by no means indifferent to the importance of a breed of good horses, kept a famous stud, which included White Turk and the Coffin Mare, and was presided over by Place, who had been Master of the Horse to James I.

This care had so altered the character of English stock, that, on the Restoration, Lord Harleigh feared that the strong and useful horse might be extirpated altogether. His royal master, so far from sharing his doubts, despatched his Master of the Horse to the Levant for the purpose of procuring a supply of Barbs and Turks. These and their progeny were called the royal mares, and are so termed on the stud-book to the present day.

Charles II. was a patron of the course only inferior to his grandfather. He divided the races at Newmarket into regular meetings, and gave besides a great impetus to the pastime by substituting silver cups, of the value of 100*l.*, and on which the winner's name was engraved, for the silver bells, which up to that time had been the usual prize—a practice which did not become entirely extinct till 1824, when at Carlisle a bell was given to the winner. The reign of Queen Anne was a momentous one in racing annals. Not only because she herself encouraged the sport by running horses in her own name, but for the importation of the Darley Arabian, purchased by a Yorkshire merchant, the introduction of whose blood still further refined the English breed. Yet more fortunate was the accidental discovery of an Arabian in a common cart in Paris. Named after the clever, unscrupulous, but race-loving minister, there has been, we believe, no superior racehorse in England but can be traced to the blood of the Godolphin Arabian. Breeding became from that time elevated to a science, and so successfully has it been practised in England that, while in swiftness the English horses have invariably beaten the Arabians on their own soil, the famous race between Sharper and Mina, two second rate English racers, with two picked Cossack horses, resulting, after a contest over no less than forty-seven miles, in the easy victory of the English, proves their endurance unaffected by their speed.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the

institution of the turf, and the royal patronage which has been bestowed on it, has had mainly to do with this great improvement in the racing and enduring powers of the horse. The royal cups or plates having been substituted for the bells, in their turn became superseded by prizes of specie. Tradesmen of the locality, finding a business advantage in the attendance, added tradesmen's plates or purses. The wealthy gave rewards for the pure love of the sport; while the competitors themselves increased the amount by entrances and forfeits. The stakes grew at last so valuable, that the breeding of horses became a profitable speculation. Large prices were given because large amounts could be won. In modern times 5,000 guineas was refused for Plenipo, and 6,500 guineas actually paid for Hobbie Nobbie. Yet, considering that these were proved horses, the prices are not so extreme in proportion to the amounts which, independent of betting, may be gained. A filly of the Duke of Grafton's cleared for its owner 4,450 guineas by only starting twice. At two years old, Crucifix had earned 4,805 guineas. Flying Dutchman's winnings amounted to 20,000*l.*; those of his stable-companion and half-brother, Van Tromp, to 14,000*l.* Cotherstone carried off 12,705*l.* West Australia, 10,975*l.*; and Surplice, 10,375*l.* It must be remembered, too, that when horses have been so successful, their value for breeding purposes is proportionally enhanced. While the amount at issue has materially increased during late years, the swiftness of the animals has slightly degenerated. The story of Flying Childers running a mile within the minute is generally discredited as mere unsupported tradition. His recorded and substantiated performance is, however, sufficiently startling. Carrying nine stone two pounds, he covered four miles in six minutes and forty-eight seconds, being at the rate of thirty-five miles and one-third within the hour. It must, however, not be forgotten that in those days horses did not run till they were five years old; the two-year old racing being a modern innovation, tending, in some opinions, to remove the staying property from the horses, and thus to degenerate the stock.

Of all the recognised race meetings in the kingdom, that of Chester is the most ancient. The earliest notice of a Chester prize—a silver bell, of the value of 3*s.* 4*d.*, run for on the Roodeye or Roodee, on St. George's Day—is of the very respectable antiquity of three centuries and a half. A century later, three small cups were substituted for the bells. These, in turn, were subsequently merged into one, and described as 'a faire silver cupp,' worth 8*l.* Though the Chester gatherings speedily assumed importance, valuable prizes being given, and the time of the racing gradually extended from one to four days, the King's Plate was not added to the list till 1802, while the cup, which is so prominent a feature of turf interest, was not contested till 1824. The largest field for this race was in 1852, when 43 horses actually started. In each of the years 1853–59 there were 216 subscribers, being the largest number on record. The commencement of the meeting at Doncaster dates nearly two centuries after that of Chester, the first recorded contest being on the Town Moor, in 1703. To encourage the pastime, the corporation gave a plate, of the value of 50*l.*, together with a sum of 42*l.*, to increase the stakes. This amount has gradually swelled to 1000*l.*, which is now the sum contributed by the corporation. The famous St. Leger was not run till 1778, and was so named by the Marquis of Rockingham, in honour of Colonel St. Leger of Park Hill, through whose active interest it

principally originated. In 1803 the King's Plate was procured, and so surely since that time has the meeting progressed, that last year as many as 320 horses started for stakes, amounting in all to 16,272*l.* The York meeting, on the Knavesmire, began six years after that of Doncaster. The citizens made a collection, with which they purchased five plates. Shortly afterwards they contrived to secure one of the King's gold cups, and the prestige thus acquired permanently established the meeting.

Among such race-loving people as the Yorkshiremen, there can be little surprise at the curious character of some of their contests. A Ladies' Plate of 15*l.* was once run for at Ripon, the condition being that ladies should be riders. Another strange match, which occasioned much discussion at the time, was that between Mrs. Thornton and Mr. Flint for one thousand guineas, and which the gentleman was ungallant enough to win. As if the defeat were not sufficiently galling to the lady, Mr. Flint was unreasonable enough to expect payment. This, Colonel Thornton, who had adopted his wife's bet, indignantly refused. Mr. Flint consequently soundly horsewhipped his debtor. Upon this he was compelled by the Mayor to find bail, and the affair ended by appeals to the Jockey Club, and eventually in litigation. Mrs. Thornton was not invariably so unfortunate, for a second gentleman antagonist, who had staked 1,000 guineas and four hogsheds of wine, declined the competition. Mrs. Thornton, therefore, accompanied by her husband, cantered over the course, and claimed the bet. On a subsequent occasion she rode against Buckle, the noted professional jockey, and, amid the cheers of the crowd, won by half a neck.

Less attractive than many other gatherings to the general public, to breeders, owners, and speculators, Newmarket has been described as 'classic ground.' There are six distinct meetings during the year. In the past season the aggregate amount of stakes, exclusive of three Queen's Plates of 100 guineas each, exceeded 69,000*l.* The race-course at Newmarket, like that of York, has had its lady-heroine. About a century since, a Miss Pond, for a wager of 200 guineas, undertook to ride a thousand miles in a thousand hours, and managed to accomplish the distance in less than two-thirds of the stipulated time. Another match, remarkable for the rapidity of the pace, was run on the same course, in 1773, between two horses, when, running almost together, one mile and thirty yards was covered in one minute thirty seconds.

The two most fashionable meetings—those of Ascot and Goodwood—are younger than either of the preceding. The former was indeed founded by William, Duke of Cumberland, so early as 1727; but it thrived so indifferently that it was several times suspended for intervals of two and three years. Another Duke of Cumberland, Henry, gave the meeting a vigorous impetus in 1771, by collecting a five guinea subscription for a gold cup. Since that period it has risen to its present position principally in consequence of the royal patronage. This interest was so actively manifested by George IV. that while he was dying, he had the result of each race brought to his bedside. Goodwood was originated in 1802, by a collection of about 300*l.* among the officers of the Sussex Militia, added to sweepstakes of a similar amount. The races had, however, but feeble success till the alterations made by the Duke of Richmond in the course; and the untiring exertions of Lord George Bentinck-elevated them to popularity. In 1845 the total sum contested nearly reached

25,000*l*. But the death of Lord Bentinck sensibly affected this prosperity, so that the whole amount at issue during the past season did not exceed 11,274*l*.

The Epsom meeting is of much higher antiquity, having, as we before mentioned, been founded by James I. during his residence at Nonsuch. The fact of Epsom being the first mineral spring of fashionable resort in this country, together with its convenient distance from London, materially contributed to its success as a racing town. The Derby, of all races the most popular, was not established till 1780, the first Oaks having been run for the previous year. As may be surmised, it was the Earl of Derby who gave the title to the former, while that of the latter was named from the 'Oaks,' his seat in the locality.

For the first Derby there were thirty-six subscribers, nine horses started, the value of the prize being 1,125*l*. On the last occasion, the owner of the winner pocketed 6,525*l*.

With regard to the betting which accompanies racing, we are inclined to pronounce the turf more honest now than of old. The great spread of telegraphic communication which instantaneously distributes intelligence through so many channels, makes success depend less on special information unworthily used than on a nicety of computation. But causes the most trivial continually defeat the most careful calculations, and subject the results of turf pastime to the waywardness of chance.

One especial instance occurred at the Great St. Leger of 1822, won by Mr. Peter's Theodora. So wretched had the running of the horse been, that the owner, who had backed him, gave a handsome bonus to get rid of his betting-book. The annoyance of the jockey who rode him was increased by overhearing a bet of a hundred guineas to a walking-stick laid against the animal he was to ride. To the utter astonishment, however, of owner, trainer, jockey, and every one on the course, the horse took the lead at starting, kept it, and won easily.

Another accident which reversed expectation happened at Doncaster in a race between a famous horse called the Queen of Trumps, a winner of both the Oaks and St. Leger, and Ainderby, a very inferior animal, when the latter was victorious, in consequence of a dog running across the course, and throwing the former out of stride. The grateful owner of the winner, Captain Taylor, who cleared two thousand pounds, purchased the dog for five pounds, kept him during his life, and at his death left him an annuity.

Although we are compelled to reiterate our opinion that the work we have partially quoted does not supply the void which we believe exists with the general public, we are constrained to admit, that the variety of facts which have been collected from various authorities entitle it to a place in the library of those who are exclusively interested in the pastime of the turf.

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16. The tiger couches in the wood.
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